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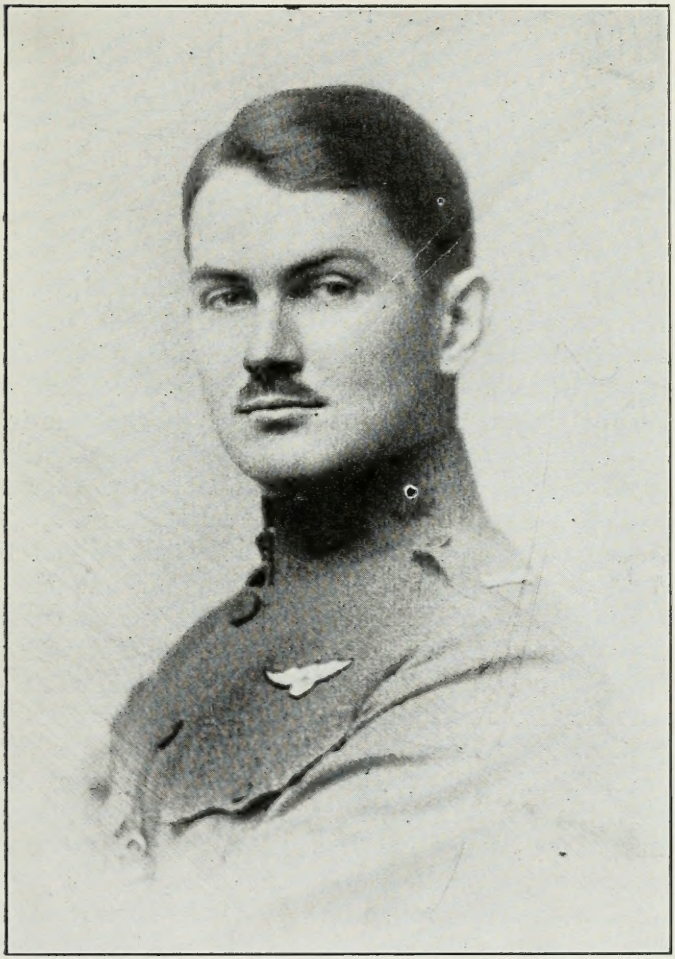
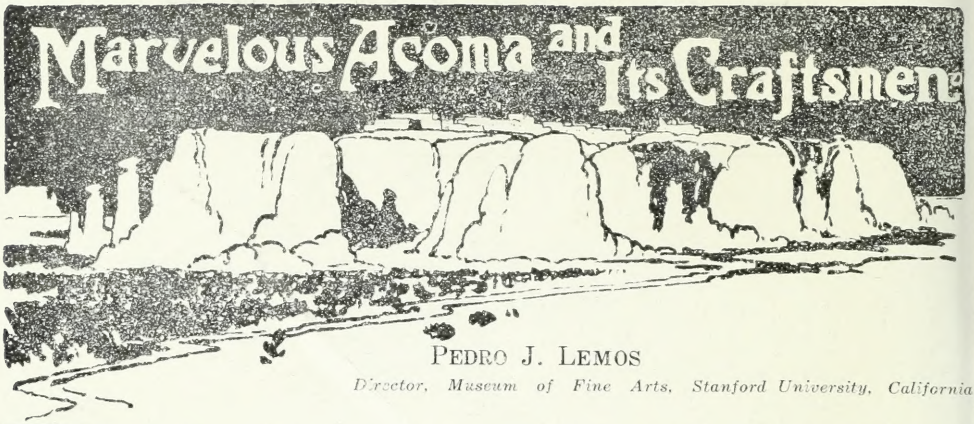
El Palacio

VOL. XXIV. MARCH 31-APRIL 7, 1928. NOS. 13-14.



LT. LEW WALLACE SPRINGER
Killed in Aeroplane Crash at Toluca, Mexico, March 27, 1928

Marvelous Acoma and Its Craftsmen



PEDRO J. LEMOS

Director, Museum of Fine Arts, Stanford University, California

THE Indian Pueblo of Acoma, set like a time-worn crown on its three-hundred-fifty-foot rock throne, is the oldest occupied town in the United States. Rising from the southwest desert, fifteen miles south of the Santa Fe Railroad station of Laguna, it is the strangest city in America. No one knows how old it is for Coronado found it in 1540 much as it is today. Padre Benavides in 1630 reported it to his superiors as "the strangest and strongest city that there can be in the world." The old explorers called it the Rock Marvelous and marvelous it is, and the most marvelous part of it all is that this primitive city, its inhabitants and their handicrafts, exists in the heart of the United States, undisturbed by the hectic whirlwind life of Americans today.

For anyone who is city-worn and weary of so-called civilization, let him take the motto "The Sun goes West; why should not I," and he will find in the bracing air and the expansive vistas of the southwest a vigor and peace that will more than repay. And he will find a group of peoples living an interesting life, doing things in primitive but artistic ways, the equal of which in interest cannot be surpassed anywhere in far away countries.

When our party of four, seeking the pueblo handicrafts, trav-

cled to the southwest, we decided to make Acoma our center of interest. Other pueblos would be visited, but to us Acoma, because of its dramatic history and spectacular location, the primitive type of its buildings and conservative folk, was to be our chief aim and point of travel.

So we journeyed to Laguna on the Santa Fe Railroad and there we found the modest but comfortable Acoma Hotel and arranged with a guide to take us to Acoma on the day of their Feast—the day of St. Stephen, the King, a strange mixture of both Indian and Christian ceremonials.

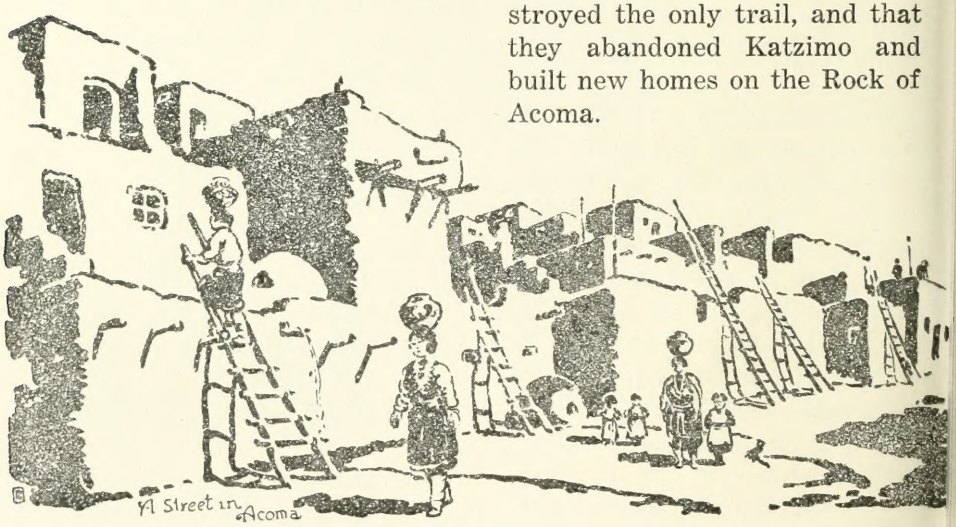
While very few visitors stay overnight we wished to see the pueblo by starlight and to see the life of this strange pueblo throughout the whole day. The only time in the year to see Acoma as a live city is during the Feast day on September 2, as the entire Acoma tribe live in picturesque but modern pueblos fifteen miles distant near their harvest lands. A few families live at Acoma throughout the year as caretakers of the ancient city inherited through the ages from their forefathers.

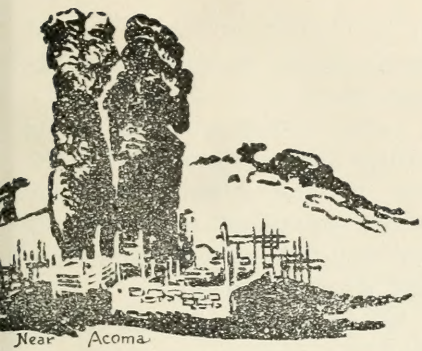
So the day we left Laguna for Acoma was a day of much traveling, for Acoma Indians were on the road on their great pilgrimage to "The White Rock" to hold their sacred Sun Dance. Indians in picturesque covered wagons, Indians in less picturesque Fords, some in very good cars; others on ponies, and several donkey caravans were our companions. Some carried sheep, others carried corn and melons, for they dearly prize a melon, and all were laden with provisions for the few days upon the sixty-acre mesa of Acoma.

Grotesque Rocks

From the time we crossed the railroad and headed south the surroundings became a combina-

tion of grotesque panoramas. The wild flowers and sagebrush, the cactus and piñon trees gave plant coloring of great variation. Nowhere in the world is there more fantastic rock forms than in New Mexico. Take these forms with a background of glorious cloud shapes, and a sky of intense turquoise or blue, with sunlit plains to the left, while jagged lightning features the sky to the right, and you know why the Indian interweaves all nature into his creed; you feel that the country presents landscape combining the descriptions of Dante, the landscapes of Doré, the background of Bakst, or the coloring of Maxfield Parrish. Then you see a large rock rise from the desert and you think it is Acoma, but the driver says it is the Enchanted Mesa, or Katzimo, as the Acomas call it. The Acomas claim that long ago they occupied the summit; that one day all the people excepting a few old folks and a boy were in the fields in the plains below; that a tempest and earthquake destroyed the only trail, and that they abandoned Katzimo and built new homes on the Rock of Acoma.

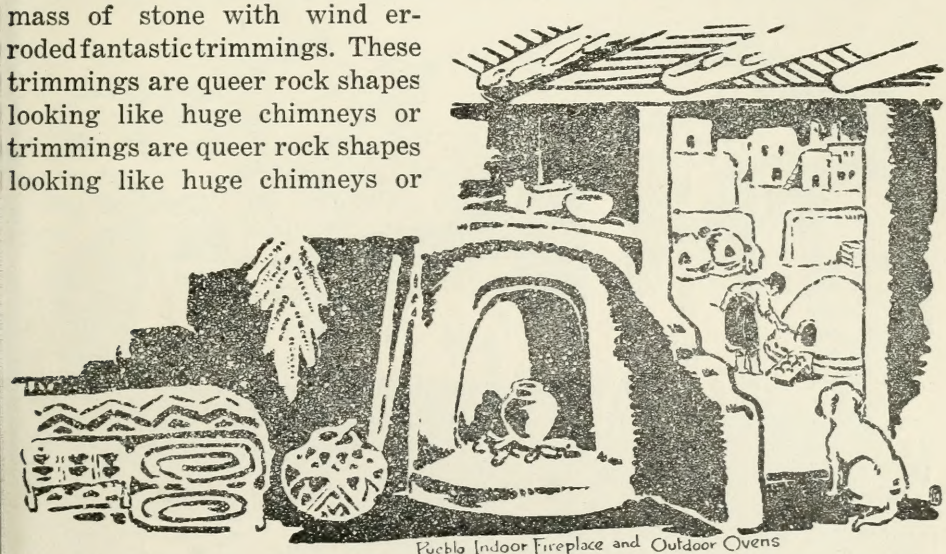




Near Acoma

Next we see a long horizontal rock mesa or flat top mountain which we are told is Acoma. It is a warm-colored crouching mass of stone with wind eroded fantastic trimmings. These trimmings are queer rock shapes looking like huge chimneys or trimmings are queer rock shapes looking like huge chimneys or giant hitching posts to which one might imagine the huge seventeen-foot giants of Indian lore, whose each step was equal to a two days' journey, tying their mammoth steeds while they seated themselves on Acoma.

As we look more closely we see several rows of houses, each row several tiers high, on the top of the rock. These are the same color as the rock and are primitive and ancient. Then the houses disappear from sight as we reach the base of the rock



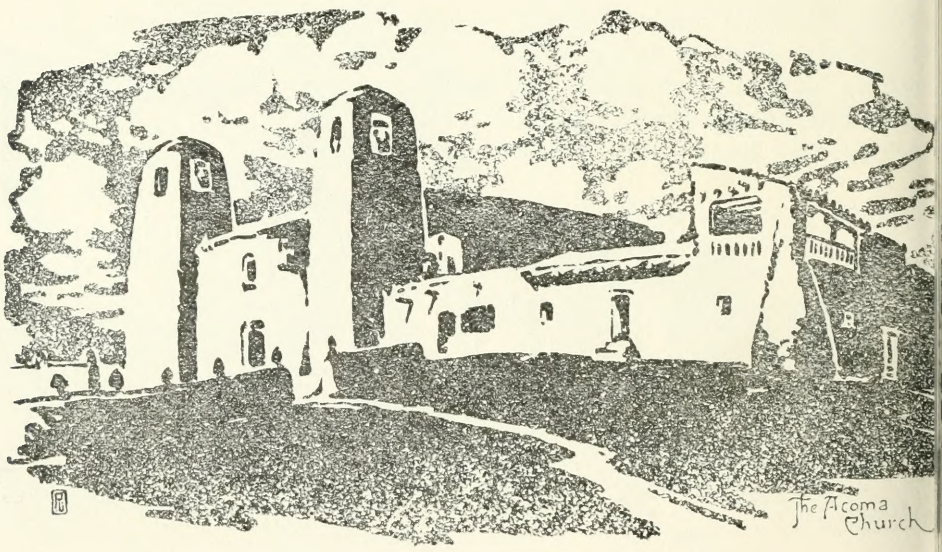
Pueblo Indoor Fireplace and Outdoor Ovens

and we approach a winding trail and join the group of Indians and other visitors who travel upward along weird rock trails to the top.

This is the easy trail. There is another, a shorter one, over which your Indian guide will take you. It is along a crevice over a primitive stone block stairway with handholes cut for support over dangerous parts. This used to be the only trail and "in the long ago," during the Spaniards' time, you would be confronted with a barrage of loose stones if you were not wanted.

Today you will be confronted with a messenger who will take you to the pueblo governor where you must pay your fee and tell "where you come from and what you want."

While our guide was interpreting to the governor our reasons for coming and that we were to occupy Father Schuster's room in the convento of the church, I recalled the old Acoma

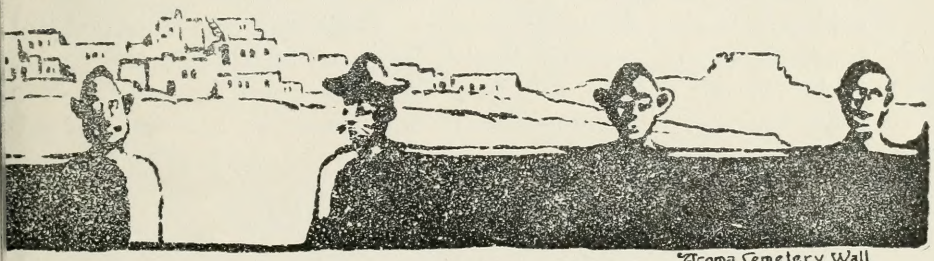


legend of the stranger long ago who visited Acoma and came before the governor.

"As is the custom, I have come to notify you of my intention," the stranger said. "I have shawls, scarfs, buckskins and belts which I wish to trade and sell to the people of Acoma." But the governor was a shrewd man and knew the visitor to be a Kun-ni-te-ya, a robber of the dead. He pleaded for the visitor to leave and offered in order to save his people to do anything demanded. So said the Kun-ni-te-ya "If you will consent to join us in one year I will go away." The governor agreeing, the viitor said, "I will depart."

As time passed no one knew that the governor had given his present life and his future to save the village. As autumn came and was waning the governor knew his time was coming to an end. He sat on a rock overlooking the town and sighed. As he sat thus, one of his great toes began to swell. He knew that this was a sign that the Kun-ni-te-ya had sent for him and he stretched his body on the rock and thus he died.

As the governor was the guardian of the Acomas of long ago, so we found Juan Pablo Garcia the Acoma governor of today a guardian of his people, interested in their welfare and watching the movements of every visitor. When one realizes the experiences of these people with the first white visitors of long ago, the broken promises of Spanish, Mexican and American conquerors, the wonder is that they continue any contact with visitors whatever. Though the Acomas are proclaimed as the most conservative and least friendly of all the pueblos,



Acoma Cemetery Wall

we found them reasonable and courteous and fair in their requirements. I do know that no American town would long tolerate the depreciating remarks, the side-show attitude that the usual tourists bring with them to the Indian pueblo. All in all any fault that exists in contact between Indian and white man will be found not to be the fault of the Indian. Charles F. Lummis states that the Indian has kept all of his treaties, and that his conquerors have not.

We finally became located in our Acoma domicile, two rooms adjoining the quaint old Acoma church. A stone's throw from our rooms was a low wall with the strangest decorations we had ever seen. This wall surrounded the cemetery which evidently is used at the present time, as recent mounds testified. On the top of the wall every ten feet a grotesque head had been modelled by the women of the pueblo. At each side of the two gateways a specially fierce countenance had been used for decoration. Imagine our feelings as we inspected these by twilight to see these fierce cartoons illuminated by lightning flashes causing the eyes to glare because each eye had been filled with a bit of mirror or porcelain. If the decorations were to frighten evil spirits away they should succeed.

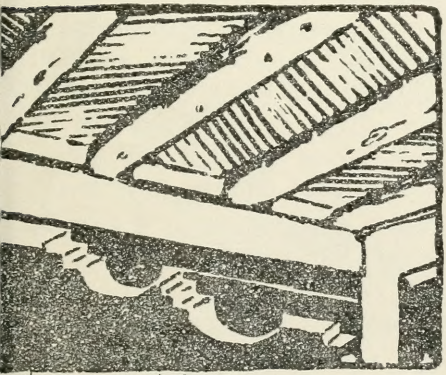
Our generous priest-host, Father Schuster, had casually mentioned the fact that one of our rooms was a haunted room. We had always wanted to have a close-up of a ghost or haunt or whatever they are called and thought the dull series of thumps during the early part of the night might be our spirit visitor. The morning, however, showed that it was a wise donkey who had found the inner patio a possible shelter from the night winds.

As the day of our arrival had been one of visiting the pueblo people, watching their oven fires burning, noticing and admiring the out-door and in-door fire-places, the crystalized gypsum windows, used even before the Spaniards came, the general artistic architectural features, the second day we gave

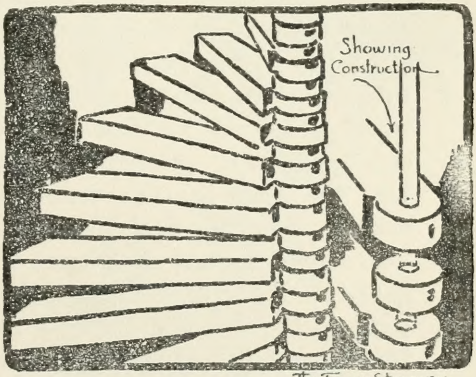
to collecting examples of the fine old Acoma pottery for which the Acoma craftsmen or "craftswomen" are famous. While the oldest pottery was the best made and best designed there is a tendency through the influence of the Santa Fe Museum's work to produce better pottery again. The persistent influence of the tourist to demand cheaper ware and smaller ware may not continue, and it is hoped that Kenneth Chapman's fine plan to supply the Indian craftsman with good types of the old Indians motifs will stimulate all the pueblos to the fine crafts of the past.

So we visited the different homes where any indication showed old water jars or bowls. Some we found would not sell their inherited jars for any price. Others went into cave-like recesses far back into the interior rooms and brought out dusty jars with wonderful patterns. We succeeded in securing a group of pottery, two of which were especially fine. These are shown in color on another page.

Juana Aragon, a bright-eyed, alert Acoma woman, is producing excellently designed and well-shaped pottery and undoubtedly will revive much of the old standards among other Acoma pottery makers.



The Acoma Church Ceiling



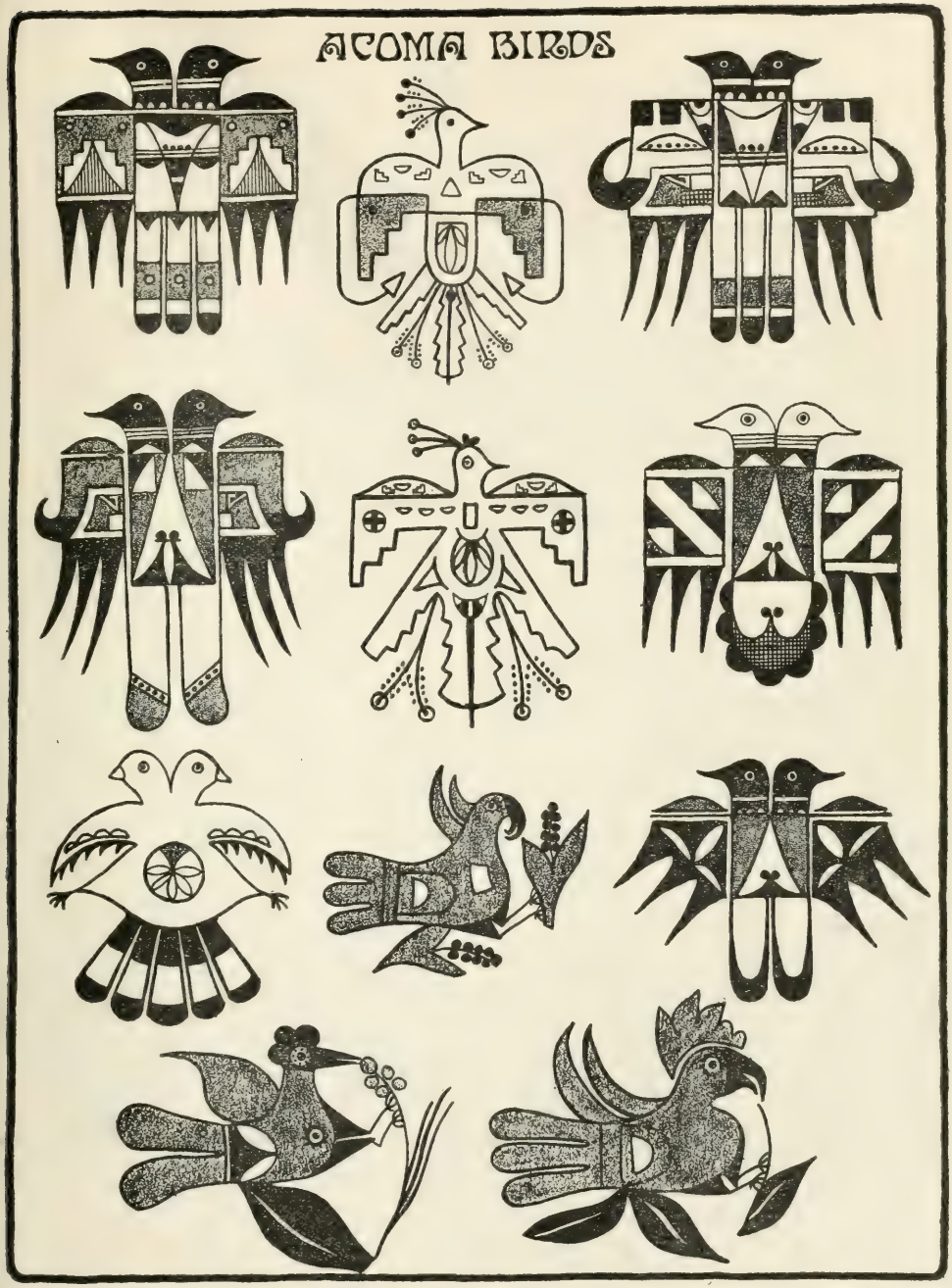
The Tower Stairway

While every pueblo seems to have an especially designed bird for their ceremony and symbols, the "Thunder Bird" of the Acomas is often shown with a double head. This is probably derived from the fact that thunder which is the forerunner of their much prayed for rain is the tumult of the two great thunder eagles who battle in the skies.

Many of the arts practiced by the Indians have been discontinued or lost since the Spanish invasion. Two of these was the tanning of leather and the raising of cotton. While a little weaving of belts and coarse black cloth is still done, the Acomas prefer to trade or purchase these from other pueblos.

To watch the pueblo pottery maker is to admire the skill which produces the ware. Without a wheel or mechanical device the clay in thin slabs is shaped into the desired form. The fingers and a piece of gourd shell are used to form the walls of the bowls and very perfect forms are secured. A gourd shell is used to scrape and burnish the clay outer sides. The design is painted on with little brushes made from the fiber of the yucca plant and mineral pigments secured from the neighborhood are used. When the bowl is dried it is assembled with others, stacked in a group and the fuel is placed over it and fired. A ware that rings like a bell is secured from this process and while they appear fragile the old age of many testify to their durability. To see the women of the pueblo returning from the spring or stone reservoirs of Acoma carrying these water jars upon their heads climbing up two or more flights of ladders without touching the water jars keeps one in suspense for fear that a beautiful jar will be broken.

After our handicraft tour of the village we gave the rest of the day to viewing the colorful artistic dancing of the Indians, a supplication for rain. And believe it or not, before the first instalment of the ceremony was over, a storm that seemed like a young cloudburst fell in torrents driving



Acoma Bird Designs have Changed from Period to Period. Lower Type Bird Design Appears on Old Pottery. Double-Headed Bird is a more Modern Design. Abstract Bird Motif shown on Acoma Bowl Illustrated on the Color Page Insert is the Oldest Type of Bird Design.

us all under shelter for a half-hour. Then the sun appeared and all Acoma glistened in water-washed stone and the group of dancers appeared from the other *kiva* and another dance was given. These dances continued all afternoon until sundown.

Meanwhile Father Schuster, having finished his duties of mass, of baptisms and marriages, took us to the church to show us a stairway in one of the towers. This stairway was discovered during recent repairs to the towers and was made by a series of hand hewn logs fastened at one end by a heavy rod so that each log was then turned as shown in the illustration. The ceiling of the church is a decorative arrangement made by colored juniper sticks placed at an angle in rhythmic sequence. Our old Spanish buildings and our Indian pueblos hold much of interest to the artist, craftsman or architect. Go where you will to distant lands and you will find much of interest there. It is good that every worker in the arts do so. It was so recognized and the medieval crafts apprentice became a traveler journeying from place to place to see the work of others and then having done so was called a "journeyman." But if the American artist or craftsman or art teacher is to be a journeyman by all means also journey to the quaint and strange corners of our own land. —In the *School Arts Magazine*. February 1928.

Ceremonial Headdresses for Pueblo Indian Dances

IN MEMORIAM

Lt. Lew Wallace Springer

Death came with tragic suddenness to Lt. Lew Wallace Springer, youngest son of the late Dr. Frank Springer of Las Vegas. An aeroplane in which he was riding together with Sterling Rohlfs, the owner, and W. E. King, an attorney, went into a nose dive while over Toluca, Mexico, and crashed to the ground, 1000 feet. Rohlfs and Springer were killed instantly and King died in less than an hour. The party had left Santa Fe by aeroplane and flew to Douglas, Arizona, from where the start for Mexico City was made. The news of the fatal accident came to Edward Springer, the brother of Wallace, over radio at Cimarron in Colfax County, New Mexico. Lew Wallace Springer was born at Las Vegas, October 10, 1890, the son of the late Dr. Frank Springer and Josephine M. Springer. He attended the Normal University in that City of which Dr. Edgar L. Hewett had been president and Dr. Frank Springer a regent. He graduated from the Washington. D. C., Law School, after which he studied electrical engineering for two years at Columbia University, New York City. Wallace, as he was known to his intimates, volunteered for the United States Aviation service immediately upon the declaration of War in April 1917. He was assigned to training school at Columbus, Ohio. In June 1917 he was selected as one of four out of the Squadron for special service in Europe and was said to have been one of the first twelve American aviators to arrive in France. He finished his training in the French aviation schools. In July 1918 he was assigned

to Day Bombing Squadron No. 11. He was in the drive on St. Mihiel and the Argonne from September 9 to October 27, 1918, when his plane was shot down and he was shot through the shoulder. He managed to make a landing and was sent to the Hospital. He returned from the War in March 1919 and received his discharge on March 18 of that year. Returning to New Mexico he became manager of the ranch and livestock interests of his uncle, Hon. Charles Springer, who is a regent of the Museum of New Mexico and member of the Managing Committee of the School of American Research. Wallace maintained his interest in aviation and when Sterling Rohlfs, son of the noted novelist Anna Katherine Green of New York, took over the management of the Bartlett Ranch in Colfax county and made business trips in his plane to Raton, Denver and Santa Fe, Wallace often accompanied him. On a recent air trip to San Francisco, Wallace, who was a fine photographer, took remarkable pictures of mountains, desert and plains which were published in the rotogravure supplements of a number of metropolitan dailies. While in Santa Fe with Mr. Rohlfs, he interested himself in the development of the City's landing field. Here, a few days ago, he received a new lens for his camera which he took with him on the trip to Mexico, which was a business expedition involving large interests. The monoplane in which the young men were flying was a Fairchilds equipped with a Wright whirlwind motor.

Because of his father's deep interest in the Museum of New Mexico and the School of American Research, Wallace was a frequent visitor to the institution in Santa Fe and went in and out as an always welcome guest. It was last fall that the father, Dr. Frank Springer, one of the world's distinguished paleontologists and famous as an attorney, statesman, orator and philanthropist,

died in Philadelphia. The mother of Wallace, four sisters and a brother are the immediate members of the family who remain to mourn the untimely death of the young aviator. W.

MUSEUM EVENTS

Exhibits by Patterson and Van Soelen

Santa Fe again welcomes an exhibit by Howard Patterson who returns from Europe after an absence of several years. His paintings fill two alcoves and constitute a notable exhibit. They are European scenes and studies but also have all the charm that characterized Patterson's work in Santa Fe. However, there is an added maturity that manifests itself in a directness of drawing and sureness in color which proclaim the master. His "Fig Tree" for instance, is quite comparable with, in fact, recalls vividly "The Dead Chestnut" by Ross E. Braught, a recent prizewinner and purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Such interiors as "Paris Studio," "Hotel Room, Nice," "The Stairway" etc., are vivid and solve most satisfactorily the problems presented by the lighting. "Late Afternoon," "The Tree," "Figure Composition," "Sewing," "Alps Maritimes," "Pino-Corsica," "Interior," "Olive Trees," and "Corsica," are charming. The following is quoted from "Discuss" for December, 1927:

"Mr. Patterson is a member of the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania academy of fine arts, and was one of the board of directors for some years. He is also one of the vice presidents of the Philadelphia Art Week association and of the Philadelphia Sketch club. After study-

ing in France for some years before the war, Mr. Patterson went into service while still in France. Coming home after the war he continued his work and made a favorable and well known name for himself. The French government has purchased one of his paintings for the Musee de Luxembourg. Another one was purchased by the Italian Ambassador, the first modern paintings to be added to the ambassador's famous collection of old masters. In *Le Temps*, of Paris, Sept. 24, 1926, Thibaut-Sisson wrote in part: At the Allard galleries is the American painter, Howard Ashman Patterson, who deserves more than a more mention of his name. Like all American painters of the younger generation he began his artistic education over the seas but he came to complete it in Paris. The war having dragged him from the Montparnasse quarter a few months after his arrival, he returned clad in khaki to take part in our struggle. After his liberation, he set to work once more and with such success that American museums have given him a place in their collections. Then France attracted him once more and it is the fruit of his observations in this country that he is showing at Allard's. A curious personality may be divined through his clear and calm interpretations of landscapes on the Cote d'Azur. The drawing is sure and the colors both agreeable and true. He draws with such rigour as to express the personal note of things and gives interest, for example, to the wiry and twisted silhouette of an old fig tree, the rustic roofs of villages, or a little seaport town, but it is in his paintings of interiors that I prefer him. Whether it be the meditative figure of a young woman sitting before a wall, or bunches of phlox or iris or anemones bathed in the subdued light of a closed apartment, one feels his new and subtle senitiveness which is the more charming as his eye for color is of the rarest

delicacy. Jacque Reyliane discussed Mr. Patterson's work in *El Figaro* as follows: Since 1908 when he was studying at the Industrial Art School at Philadelphia and afterwards in New York, H. A. Patterson abandoned his palette but once. It was during the war when he enlisted as a volunteer and changed his brushes for a gun to fight for nearly two years on the French front. Whatever admiration we may feel for the ex-soldier we must confess that now he is conquering our admiration anew as an artist. The seventeen paintings he is showing at the Allard galleries show his exceptional qualities as a colorist, and denote a clear insight, sincere interpretations and a strong frank technique. He may well be proud of the manner in which the French connoisseurs have welcomed his present exhibition; it marks the appreciation by people of taste of a real painter."

In the adjoining gallery, Theodore Van Soelen has hung four paintings that have beauty and atmosphere. Three of them are superb New Mexico landscapes emphasizing the glory and majesty of the mountains, the sunshine of the desert, the intimacy of the adobe houses in the folds of piñon clad hills,-the very structure and being that set Santa Fe and the Tesuque Valley apart from other regions. The fourth is a delightful interior and portrait, a glimpse of a room in the new Van Soelen home suffused with sunlight, and a fine characterization of Mrs. Van Soelen, its charming hostess. The four paintings are representative of Van Soelen's best work, work that should win him recognition far and wide.

EL PALACIO

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PAUL A. F. WALTER, Editor.

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PERSONAL MENTION

BRADFIELD BACK IN SANTA FE

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Bradfield have returned to Santa Fe after a year's sojourn in San Diego, where Mr. Bradfield had charge of Museum activities in the absence of Dr. E. L. Hewett. Mr. Bradfield is completing his monograph on the Culture of the Mimbres Valley which will be illustrated with more than a hundred cuts. The latter part of April he goes again to the Mimbres Valley to continue the excavation work of

DESIGNS OF TWO INDIAN WATER JARS

From the old Indian Pueblo of Acoma, New Mexico, Referred to in the Preceding Article. The Motifs are abstract Cloud, Rain, Leaf and Bird Motifs. The lower Jar is an example of old design, the Bird Pattern being of very Abstract Arrangment

From the School Arts Magazine February, 1928

several years past. In summer, he will be joined by Dr. Albert Ernest Jenks of the University of Minnesota who will bring with him a number of his students in anthropology and archaeology. In August, the entire party will join the summer session of the School of American Research on the Pajarito Plateau.

Blooms Leave for Spain

Mr. and Mrs. Bloom and children left Santa Fe on their way to Seville, Spain, on Wednesday, March 28. After consultation with officials in Washington, D. C., and in New York, Mr. Bloom and family will sail this month on the Spanish liner "Montevideo," to remain away a year, and possibly two years, both Mr. and Mrs. Bloom engaging in historical research for the School of American Research, the Museum of New Mexico and the New Mexico Historical Society.

McCormicks Visit Museum

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus McCormick were interested visitors of the Museum the past week. Mr. McCormick, noted as philanthopist, captain of industry, banker and capitalist, is deeply interested in the welfare of the Indians and is making a special study of the problems of the Pueblos. While in Santa Fe, the McCormicks were guests at the Bishops Lodge and visited Taos with the Indian Detour.

Honors for Dr. MacCurdy

Dr. George Grant MacCurdy of Yale, director of the American School of Prehistoric Research of the Archaeological Institute, has been designated as one of seven patrons of the newly established Prehistoric Society of

Morocco, and elected a corresponding member of the Société des Américanistes de Belgique. He has also been asked by the American Library Association to write its booklet on "Pre-History" for its "Reading with a Purpose." The eighth summer term of the School of Prehistoric Research will open this year in London, June 28, and close on the Continent about the middle of September.

AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY

Maya Fiesta at Chichen Itza

The present day archaeologist in Mexico is not only searching out the temples and places of the old Maya civilization, but he is also interested in trying to pump new courage into the descendants of the Maya Indians, by showing them the great achievements of their famous race. This interest of the archaeologists in the modern Indians was demonstrated at the big party just given at the ruined city of Chichen Itza by the Carnegie Institution of Washington which is conducting excavations there, and by the Mexican government. The party commemorated the finishing of the Carnegie Institution's remarkable work of restoring the Temple of the Warriors at Chichen Itza. Scientists and natives joined in the fiesta . The "Warriors," as the newly restored temple is called, stands as an impressive example of what the Mayas once could do. With an old American flavor all its own, the great white structure, beautiful as any on the Greek Acropolis, stands in strange contrast today with the primitive palm-thatched Maya huts of sticks and adobe. The restoring of the "Warriors" was not carried to completion but went as far as positive knowledge permitted in replacing the fallen stones. Parks

of the groups of colonnades that flank the building on its sides have been set up again and others have been left as found to show the condition of the ruins before and after. The temple ruin now illustrates the accomplishments of the archaeologists who have resurrected ancient beauty out of funereal piles of carved stones. To dedicate the restored temple natives gathered from many villages. The Maya women came in their best "huipiles" and carried their babies. The Maya men came too, in their white cotton "pajamas" and home-made sandals, and stood around. Men and women keep apart, each sex in groups. The dress of the women of mixed Maya and white blood, and which is also worn by the pureblooded Maya woman, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque costumes in the world. It is a dress whose style has changed very little from the costume of the Maya women before the discovery of America. The "huipil," as it is called, is nothing but a white one piece sleeveless overdress. The square cut neck and the bottom of the skirt are heavily embroidered in every rainbow shade of color. The dress is short and a number of fancy white petticoats show about a foot at the bottom. The women wear their hair in a "tuch" at the top of the head in the back, tied with a pretty ribbon. The official dedication of the building of the "Warriors" to the modern descendants of the original builders, took place in front of this temple at 11 in the morning under the burning tropical sun. The roof which once capped the extensive colonnades along the sides of the temple must have offered a welcome shade to the great gatherings of Mayas held here in prehistoric times. At two in the afternoon, the party proper started at the American hacienda, that is the headquarters of the Carnegie Expedition working at the ruins. The "O Jarana," the typical dance of the peninsula, began to the best music in Yucatan and to

the babble of the Maya tongue which seems made up of queer little stutters, sneezes and sudden gasps. The "O Jarana" is a dance that has probably changed but little since ancient times. The Maya men and women for the first time during the fiesta begin to pay some attention to each other's existence. The mute man partner touches the lady friend of his choice on the arm and they enter the ring together. They never touch one another and very rarely look at each other but begin the choppy Yucatecan jig that is similar also to the step of most Mexican religious dances. The sex element is almost entirely lacking in this dance, and Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley of Santa Fe, New Mexico, formerly with the School of American Research, now head of the Carnegie Expedition, believes that sex never did play the important part among the American Indians that it did with the white race. To the white visitors it seemed a solemn dance without happiness, for the dancers register no emotion of any kind in their faces. What emotion there was, was in the swift heels that followed the rapid time of the music perfectly. It was "dia de fiesta" in the cluster of palm huts that have grown up about the ruins, and the element of sacrifice, so typical in ancient times, was not lacking. Dona Victoria, the dusky fat mistress of a Maya boarding house in a palm hut, sacrificed the black hog that waked up her boarders in the early morning by grunting about their hammocks. —Emma Rush Stevenson in *Science Service.*

CLASSIC ARCHAEOLOGY

Jewish Catacombs in Rome

Bad spelling on tombstones in the Jewish catacombs

of Rome indicates how the Jews who lived in Rome in the early Christian centuries pronounced Greek and Latin, according to Dr. Harry J. Leon, of the University of Texas. Scholars have wondered whether the Jews who formed a settlement in Rome clung to their Hebrew ways or whether they did as the Romans did, Dr. Leon explains. Six Roman catacombs where the Jewish residents buried their dead are now know, and study of the inscriptions on the slabs and the gallery walls shows that the writing is three-fourths Greek and one-fourth Latin. Often words in the inscriptions are confused with other words of similar sound, so that they are misspelled in characteristic ways. Jewish ritualistic symbols on the tombstones are significant evidence that the epitaphs on the underground tombs were indeed written by Jewish people, using foreign languages, Dr. Leon points out. The Jewish population in Rome, which grew to about 40,000, was no more familiar with the Hebrew language than the average Jew of today. The more cultured among them spoke Latin as well as the popular Greek, the recent investigations indicate. Their inscriptions afford valuable material in tracing the history of the Greek and Latin languages in their development from the classical tongues of antiquity to the modern Greek and the Romance Languages of our day, Dr. Leon states.

SOUTHWESTERN PAINTERS

Praise for Joseph Birren

Joseph Birren, who painted last summer in Santa Fe and one of whose paintings hangs in the lobby of The

First National Bank of Santa Fe, its owner being the Bank's president, Arthur Seligman, is at present exhibiting in Chicago after his return from the Pacific Coast. The *Tribune* called it an "exceptional show" and referred "to the exquisite perfection of his technique--not modernistic but essentially individual." The critic spoke of his "marvelous use of paints as decorative in itself. . . . He raises his paint and yet it is subdued." The *Daily News* asserted Mr. Birren had "perfected what someone has called 'texture quality,' the most poetic example of which is his large moody canvas entitled 'Weavings of Spring.'" The present collection which was shown in Santa Fe last year will make a tour of the museums and galleries in the East this spring and summer.

EUROPEAN ARCHAEOLOGY

Ancient Salt Mines in Austria

Salt mines that were operated on an extensive scale, with very "modern" shafts, tunnels and drifts, more than 500 years before Christ, have lately been explored near Hallstadt, Austria, by Dr. Adolph Mahr of the Vienna State Museum. In addition to knowledge of the mining methods of these prehistoric men of the early Iron Age, the exploration yielded also numerous articles of leather and wood, well preserved against decay during the ages by their burial in salt. These finds included pick handles, torches, wedges, mine timbers, felt caps, shoes of wood, leather and felt, leather hand-protectors, and many other articles. The exploration was backed by two Americans, Prof. F. W. Badé of the University of California, who has been a visitor in Santa Fe, and Major Gotshall.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

Hartley on Cezanne

Before a large and responsive audience at Denver, Colorado, Marsden Hartley, formerly of Santa Fe, and a member of its art groups, gave a talk on "The Original Research of Cezanne." It was not a lecture in the usual sense, but rather a reading of an essay, as he himself termed it. And that was fortunate, because Hartley is one of the very few creative artists who besides the medium of color masters also the medium of language, the spoken and written word.

In many articles, poems and essays (a number of which appeared in book form under the title "Adventures in the Arts") Hartley proves his rare gifts as a writer, a clear and personal and distinguished style, scholarly, yet simple and without any of those grammatically involved and artificially sophisticated constructions, unfortunately characteristic of many writers of today.

One of Hartley's poems begins with the surprising line, "I was born on the Island of New England," and it seems that the mental, spiritual and physical isolation to which he alludes and which existed for many generations among the creative spirits of those early colonies has found an aristocratic and well-balanced expression in his own personal style.

Mostly it is sufficient to report in general what a lecturer has told his audience, but in Hartley's case the very way in which it was told takes on the significance of an esthetic achievement, of a work of art in itself. We are, therefore, happy to be able to quote him in his own words from the written manuscript; needless to say that we indorse in full his very excellent and illuminating ideas.

"The meaning of a work of art is not to surpass nature, but to comprehend her." Hartley says, "The work of

art of today is of necessity founded upon the same scientific research in the true laws of form and of color, of rhythm and of unity of design, as in all earlier forms of art. There will be little else to recommend it and if this quality fails to be achieved, its purpose has in reality failed.

"We have not, however, the same basis today as the races have had before us; we are not a religious people. We are, it is to be feared, devoid of soul or of finer sense of being of these profounder needs which built pyramids and tombs, cathedrals, which created windows and images to lift the mind from the sordidness of self-indulgence, self-worship, self aggrandizement.

"We have only one reason in creating a picture or a piece of sculpture today, to realize the pure sensation derived from nature, to co-ordinate a work of art, which will prove that we have understood nature, have achieved the perfect confidence of her, to train the eye to penetrate these inner significances which can only be penetrated by him or her who trains himself or herself in the laws of nature as we know them.

"To represent the quality of things as presented to us by the beautifying principle of light, for without light all things would look alike, that is the real destiny of that man or woman who aspires to be what is simply called—an artist. Copying nature will be of not the slightest importance—it can have no value or no real effect upon the mind or the 'being' of anyone—that is to say—any truly sensitized one. Therefore, it is this sensitizing principle that is of infinite importance to the artist as well as to the spectator of his creations.

"To understand these laws, one must become first of all a man or a woman, or as the Chinese philosophy has it—being lies deeper than individuality."

Hartley drew a parallel between the Lionardo on the one hand and Cezanne on the extreme other; two geniuses in the researching into true being—always the occupa-

tion of the real artist. "Lionardo was a great man who was fated to learn and all too tragically those profound mysteries of true being, and we all know today the inherent sadness that followed the researches of this genius into the realms of the known and the seemingly unknowable.

"It is not so dissimilar a problem in the case of Paul Cezanne, and we hear him say 'We must create a visible world, see nature as if nobody had even seen her before us'—'The real vision of the world has not yet been recorded. Man has been too inventive in what he has done. I turn to the intelligence of the almighty Father and I ask myself 'What can I do better than he?' Then I force myself to forget our illustrious predecessor, and I seek from creation, the knowledge of herself. There is the perfect spectacle—I want to translate it—to do that I annihilate myself in the subject—I yield to it wholly—I wait for it to become my personal truth. Why should I be a slave to philosophers before this great book, a slave to painters before this vast picture, the loveliest of all? Believe me, with nature, one must be reborn a child. One must get to the concrete image which makes the painter, the vital thing is vision."

After a few biographical comments the speaker continued:

"There is nothing else to set Cezanne apart as an exceptional being among human beings. From all accounts he was not a social asset, either in family or public life in the small conservative city of Aix, and his complete disillusionments saddened him to such an acute extent that he became a complete slave to and prisoner of one idea to the exclusion of all others, namely, the consuming ambition to represent Creation as she had disclosed herself to him, thru a long and painful but exquisitely revealing silence.

"And it is this very disillusionment — his failure in Paris — that served as his greatest assistant in the development of his unique and thoroly original career, but it left upon his mind so powerful an impression, so inviolable a determination to succeed that, in the end, that miracle was to be accomplished—self-annihilation, the revelation to him of Creation—he had become one with the mysteries so ardently prayed for, he had revealed a new alchemic experience in nature, the highest realization of the principles of colors and their reaction upon each other as yet known to mankind, founder of the finest principles of at least one century in art, for the painter of nature either in or out of doors, the all but perfect accomplishment of a chromatic sequence of color, a widening of the impressionistic principle, a revealer of revealers to the school that founded him, and from whom they would have learned much if they had lived along with him to the end.

"He had, however, in all justness, lived to see himself duly praised, for he earned the plaudits of those artists who saw early that something might one time spring from all this crudity and all but savage simplicity.

"Monet and Renoir both were with him in the matter of approval considerably before his end was much too soon to be realized; one declines to think of the miseries this young man would have encountered, physical, material miseries, if he had not been so kindly blessed by the kindly, paternal perceptions of his father, who saw no hope in him as a battler in the realm of commerce, and therefore relieved his life of all those anxities which beset so many original employers in the realm of the unknown. We see him helpless before all the functions of life also, as a result of the complete abnegation of all human rights and pleasures for the sake of the absolute absorption in the problems at hand—to create an entirely

new esthetic vision—as revealed to him by those inner agencies of nature, so reticent with the countless among common souls—far too confidential from the human standpoint in the case of the chosen few."

An excellent definition of Cezanne's research followed: "To comprehend the laws of harmony and opposition contained in a subject of nature or an arrangement of natural objects, that was the specific ambition of Cezanne, and we see with what superb gifts he achieved his ideals, with what almost majestic clarity he proved the essential argument of his theme—the pursuance of the exact tone in the light or in the shadow, for the shadows were all color to him, tho less brilliant, and to celebrate all these nuances from major to minor, full tone, half tone, quarter, eighths, sixteenths, even still more minute and measureless, here was the vast accomplishment of an expert musician of the eye.

"We have had great colorists like Rembrandt, Titian, Giorgione and some others to show us the meaning of fullness of tone—and we have the impressionistic discovery of the prism and its valuable influence in modern art, and we find ourselves still further enriched with the manifold realization of the chromatic principles of color in the voluminous creation of Cezanne.

"Not to copy nature, but to realize the sensation derived from nature, the realization of the 'colored sensation' of which he speaks, and that his chief concern, and thruout the entire range of his pictures either achieved or abandoned, and there are great numbers of the latter, one perceives the relentless search for the exact tone, the perfect relation of tone to semitone, and if we find him criticizing the impressionists for their abuse of blue, there is to be observed always in his pictures the almost pious wish to achieve the inevitable and implacable exactitude—to find the 'mot juste' so to call it—the

exact tone that will build up touch by touch the noble structure contained in the idea at hand, the realization of nature."

Hartley concluded with an allusion to past and present "isms" and with an appeal to the painters of today to study the works of the great Cezanne, who once said of himself, "I am the primitive of the way I have discovered."

"It is too frequently the custom these days among the painters to take nature into their confidence and to show the way she should go, but we have seen this happen before and are in no way disturbed by it. The habit of the painter of today is due largely to the prevailing spirit of the age, the spirit of commercialism, the 'infernal commodity of the brush,' as Delacroix expresses it and we find even the so-called important artists of this epoch being hurried for their signatures by the merchants eagerly rubbing their hands in anticipation. It is a pleasure to turn any page on the subject of Cezanne because you find there reason, sound judgment, patient research, and a longing to achieve the best, and the best was certainly high, and enduring. It was the honesty of a pious soul, a unique quality to be found among painters these days.

"We have the ennobling example of Titian always before us who devoutly followed Giorgione for 20 years before creating his own individual and distinctive style—all great artists were truly followers.

"Sincere people are afraid of nothing, and every genius has looked to another for his information and his conceptions, even for his personal power.

"It will be well for any painter of today regardless of age or advancement to look into those principles as given forth by Cezanne; he will be a better artist and a truer modernist for the effort."

For those who came to hear Hartley talk on "The Original Research of Cezanne" the evening ended with a surprise. In addition to the essay just reviewed he read another one on the ceremonial dances of the American Indians. This essay was written eight years ago and appeared in the January issue of Art and Archaeology, 1920. It constitutes to our knowledge one of the first, if not the first, appreciation of esthetics, and is certainly one of the finest articles ever written on the subject.

Upon special invitation Hartley has brought with him a number of his drawings and water colors, not exhibited in his recent show at the Chicago Arts club, but in fact shown here for the first time anywhere.

These 25 drawings and seven water colors constitute an entirely new point of departure in Hartley's artistic career. They show after his many ventures into abstraction a return to nature, so to speak, an intimate study of reality of form for form's sake, of relations of volumes and movements, observed in fruits and trees. Thru elimination of detail he arrives at simplicity and depth in spite of his subject being a wood interior, for example.

These drawings are emphatically not "sketches." They are the finished work of profound research and of long study. They show Hartley at a new starting point, preoccupied with the "realization of nature," with form in a different sense than pursued by him before, with color, radiant and ringing and applied to a different purpose than applied by him before. Hartley will go back to Aix En Provence, where for the time being he has made his home and where he intends to work out his new analysis of the universe—and we shall watch for the results in the future.—Arnold Ronnebeck in *Rocky Mountain News.*

PSEUDO-ARTIFACTS FROM THE PLIOCENE OF NEBRASKA

N. C. Nelson of the American Museum of Natural History and wellknown in Santa Fe, having conducted archaeological research for years in the vicinity, puts the finishing touches to the widely-heralded but since discredited story of finds of remains in Nebraska of prehistoric man. He contributed the following to *Science*:

In *Science* of May 20, 1927, there appears, on page 482, a genealogical diagram by Henry Fairfield Osborn, showing his recently modified conception of the origin of man and of his culture. Near the base of the family tree is indicated the geological position of the well-known Hesperopithecus tooth and of certain accompanying fossil bone fragments, thought to be implements. Indirect textual references to the latter are to be found in the same issue (*Science News*, page xiv) and also in *Science* of May 6 (*Science News*, page x).

In *Science* of December 16, Professor W. K. Gregory published a belated article setting forth his matured views regarding the famous tooth under the explanatory title, "Hesperopithecus apparently not an Ape nor a Man." It seems timely, therefore, that available observations on the assocated bone "implements" should also be made known without further delay and I accordingly submit my findings as originally set down in August.

The occurrence of anthropoid remains in the Snake Creek beds at Aldine, Nebraska, being still under dispute, the existence in these Pliocene deposits of bone objects suggestive of a tool-making being becomes a subject calling for more than ordinary caution. Observation, unfortunately, is further limited by the fact that in the absence not only of human skeletal remains and of hearth-sites, but also of stone implements such as

could have been used in the production of bone artifacts, the question of man's presence comes to depend entirely on the evidence furnished by the peculiar bone specimens themselves.

Having been requested for an opinion concerning these bones, it was at once assumed that the occasion demanded something decisive. The entire available collection—or rather selection—has therefore been subjected to systematic study. To check my own observations, the material was looked over independently by a laboratory assistant who had previously shown some aptness, *e.g.*, in detecting frauds among our old Indian collections. More precisely stated, this examination involved the scrutiny of nearly 3,000 specimens with a magnifying glass and by the aid of the best obtainable light. In short, all reasonable mechanical precautions have been observed. By way of further precaution I have also, as a matter of course, asked myself these questions: What now is it you are looking for? What precisely are the standards by which you are to measure these specimens? Expressed in other terms, what are the diagnostic characters indicating bone artifacts?

Without giving a complete inventory of primitive bone implements and ornaments, it may here suffice to say that implements divide into two major groups or classes, *viz.*, sharp-pointed and sharp-edged. The ornaments, or at any rate the objects less distinctly utilitarian, separate into tubular form (cylindrical beads, flutes, etc.), and thin flat forms of varying outlines, rectilineal and curvilineal. And what distinctive features normally characterize each and all of these four outstanding classes of objects? First of all, a certain more or less easily recognizable shape or design. In the second place, implements are generally marked by evidences of wear, often resulting in a high degree of polish. Generally,

too, they are marked by abrasions, if not actual perforations; and they almost invariably show certain unmistakable straight-line cuts and scratches running diagonally or transversely across the natural striations of the bone itself. Assuming, therefore, that the bone specimens to be examined were worked or utilized in a fresh state, and that at least some of the more deep-going evidences of artificial treatment have been preserved in the fossilized objects now available, we have remaining these criteria: shape, wear, polish, cutting marks, chopping marks, abrasions and perforations. These are perhaps not infallible proofs but they are all that we have. In matters of observation pertaining to objective facts no man is entitled to call up a standard for judgment out of his own inner consciousness.

By the light, then, of these deliberate precautions, the cursory examination of all the material and the repeated critical study of the several suspect pieces were undertaken. The reseult is, in brief, that I find no positive evidence either of intentional design or of artificial workmanship.

It is true there are several pointed forms resembling awls and also some tubular bone sections resembling beads, which, if found, say, in an Indian shell-heap would cause a careful archaeologist to look at them several times before discarding them. But, after all, aside from their suggestive shape—simulating not finished articles but rather improvised forms often adapted from accidental bone fragments—they carry none of the real telltale marks above enumerated. When, therefore, it is alleged (*Science News*, May 10, p. xiv) that "eighteen of the [Nebraska] types of tools have been matched with counterparts found in the ruins of cliff-dwellers," two observations become imperative. One is, that with two exceptions—awls and tubular beads—

the "eighteen counterparts" are not designed tools or ornaments but merely accidental fragments, a few of which have served temporary purposes. The other is that the "matching process" referred to involved on the discoverer's part the culling over of many thousands of fossil bone fragments. We have here, in other words, a close parallel to the selective procedure of which Europeans have made so much in the accumulation of eoliths. But, as in the case of eoliths, it is pertinent here to remark that given the proper raw materials and the right natural conditions for their manipuation, nature produces many things more or less suggestive of human handiwork, and the collector by taking pains can easily gather an array of imitations which considered by themselves are sometimes deceptively impressive.

It is true also that the Nebraska collection affords several bone specimens marked by worn U-shaped grooves of varying and rather large dimensions and of unexplainable origin. These grooves are, however, weathered irregularly, and taken by themselves are meaningless, being in no sense characteristic of true artifacts.

Lastly, there are two, perhaps three, bone fragments which carry decidedly suggestive markings. Two of these specimens are so striking that once more the writer would say that if they had been found in a refuse heap one might conceivably have retained them as showing certain accidental and purposeless indications of human activity. One of these pieces is a rib fragment with some shallow irregular cut-like markings on the inner face. No one can say that these are or are not artificial. They may, however, be nothing but tooth marks. The other piece is a tibia fragment, the sharp natural angle of which carries four slantingly transverse chop-like marks. These markings, though fairly deep, are not sufficiently clean cut to enable any one to say positively that they are artificial; and close to them, more-

over, are several other fainter and more irregular markings which are certainly not artificial and which therefore weaken the original possibilities.

There remains the difficult question of accidental fracture. The success of the collector's matching process is really dependent on this feature. And it can not be denied that some of the longitudinal and diagonal breaks exhibited by the Nebraska specimens resemble the breaks to be observed in the animal bones so abundant in our shell-heaps and ruins everywhere and which can with reasonable certainty be attributed to human agency. Some of these fractures in the Nebraska finds are probably old and may have been produced while the bone was green or fresh. But who is prepared to tell us of the finer distinctions—if any—between fresh bone crushed by a carnivor and fresh bone crushed by a man between two stones? Certain other longitudinal fractures characteristic of the Nebraska bones, especially those carrying the split clear through the condyles, are distinctly unhumanlike performances; besides, they seem to me to have been made since the bones were fossilized. Belonging to this latter class are also many clear-cut transverse fractures, which certainly could not have been produced in fresh bone. Finally, the various facets on the fractured pieces often show different degrees of wear and polish, suggesting again that the breaking-up process has been prolonged and at least in part subsequent to fossilization. The more or less uniformly worn or semi-polished condition of certain of the specimens is a matter which may be left for others to explain, but it can scarcely be regarded as the work of man.

The inevitable conclusion is, therefore, in my judgment, that the presence of artifacts in the Snake Creek deposits is not established and can not be established by the collections examined to date.